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Poetry.

CRADLE SONG OF THE POOR.

Hush! I cannot hear to see thee
Stretch thy tiny hands in vain;
I have got no bread to give thee,
Nothing child, to ease thy pain.
When God sent thee first to bless me,
Proud, and thankful too, was I;
Now, my darling, I, thy mother,
Almost long to see thee die!
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

Better thou shouldst perish early,
Starve to death, my darling one,
Than live to want, to toil, to struggle
Vainly still, as I have done.
Better that thy angel spirit
With my joy, my peace were flown,
Ere thy heart grows cold and careless,
Rackless, hopeless, like my own.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

I am wasted, dear, with hunger,
And my brain is all oppressed,
I have scarcely strength to press thee,
Wan and feeble, to my breast.
Patience, baby, God will help me,
Death will come to thee and me,
He will take us to his heaven,
Where no wailing or pain can be.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary,
God is good, but life is dreary.

Such the plaint, that late and early,
Did we listen, we might hear
Close beside us,—but the thunder
Of a city dulls our ear.
Every heart, like God's bright Angel,
Can bid one such sorrow cease;
God has glory when his children
Bring his poor ones joy and peace!
Listen, nearer while she sings,
Sounds the fluttering of wings!

From Nature's Aroma.

THOUGHT.

From whence arose the eternal spring
Whence reason first was brought?
Who first discerned that wondrous thing
The actual power of thought?
Who then prepared the golden bowl
By which the draught we raise,
Which thus imbues the human soul
With love, and joy, and praise?
That thought was first a power Divine
The universe will tell;
But what is thought? Can we define,
Who love its power so well?
We know we think—and that is joy,
A proof Divine that love
First gave the gift we thus employ,
By which we soar above.
Amidst a universe of suns
That swiftly roll and roll,
Our thought more swift than lightning runs,
And yet by one directing
Away, away, on fleeting wing
Ten thousand worlds we span,
Encompass realms, where millions sing,
But who and what is man?

Return! adventurous thought, return
From the abyss profound!
Thine own, internal self, discern
With life immortal crowned;
Say, what is this mysterious thing
Which prompts the solemn sigh,
Which prompts the solemn sigh,
But proof itself, that God is King,
And that we never die?

That man's inheritance of joy
Is not a transient breath;
Nor human thought, a worthless joy
In either life or death?
A million lamps which light the sky
No better prove this thing,
That God is God—than you and I;
Intrinsic proof we bring.

DITTY OF THE DEBTOR.

I'd offer thee this purse of mine
If I could love it less,
But bills so full and long as thine
Would show my emptiness.
My money is too scarce for me
To give to thee, old boy;
I'd rather weep to get me free
Than all my debts destroy.
I'll leave thee in thy dilemmas
As one too dear to pay,
As one I think of not to bless,
As far from hence I stray;
But O, when I am out of "clink,"
With purse so light and free,
How sweet 'twill be for me to think
It holds no time for me.

Agriculture.

SAVE THE OYSTER SHELLS.—Hundreds of bushels of these shells are every year thrown out into the streets in almost every village. Their only use is to make a good road, for which they are a valuable article. But they are worth much more for agricultural purposes, and every farmer living near a village who can procure them for their carting, should do so. They are much more easily reduced to lime than is generally supposed.

Brush, turf, peat, or old roots dug up from clearings will answer a good purpose. Pile any combustible material in a row about ten feet across, and three feet high, as compactly as possible. Upon this you may put, say fifty barrels of oyster shells. Spread them evenly, and put on another layer of the combustibles a foot or more in thickness. Bank the sides with old turf or sods and put sods on top. Fire the heap on the windward side and with a little attention the whole mass will burn down and make a "splendid lime" for the farmer's purposes. The lime and ashes procured by this process will make a good dressing for land, but will be used to best advantage in decomposing peat and muck in the compost heap.

Many farmers are so situated that they can avail themselves of this source of lime, and thus furnish themselves with profitable employment during the winter months. Lime will work a great change in heavy soils, rich in vegetable matter, and make them far more productive.

A NATURAL FERTILIZER.—Snow, from the porous condition of its particles, receives from the atmosphere while falling through it, all gasses before held in suspension. No gas from below can escape through the snow, as itself is always at thirty two degrees or less, and thus condenses these gasses, causing them again to fall into the soil, or to remain combined with the snow. The gasses arising from decomposition, which travel above the snow with the atmosphere, are condensed when in contact with it, and are continually passing down in this condensed condition through the snow. As a mulch, the snow is better than any other substance, and as such is of material benefit. According to Prof. Page, the snow serves as a protecting mantle to the tender herbage and the roots of all plants, against the fierce blasts and cold of winter. It keeps the earth just below the surface, in a condition to take on chemical changes, which would not happen if the earth were bare and frozen to a great depth. The snow prevents exhalations from the earth, and is a powerful absorbent, retaining and returning to the earth gasses arising from vegetable and animal decomposition.

Much has been said about the proper seasons for pruning both in the orchard and nursery, but we think from a pretty extensive observation and practical acquaintance in this department, that summer is the best time for pruning almost anything. The tree is then in vigorous growth, and new wood immediately forms over the wound, which will itself remain sound for a long time. The particular period for pruning is not so very important, provided it is not done in the spring, as the sap, oozing out, runs down and forms a black streak, producing decay on the trunk.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

VALUE OF DIET.—Mr. R. S. Whitfield, resident medical officer of St. Thomas's Hospital, states that the Corporation of Antwerp now receive 120,000 francs a year for the sweepings of the street and the contents of the cesspools, contractors converting the nuisances into powerful guano. Formerly the Corporation used to pay 20,000 francs yearly to get rid of the city refuse. At Paris and Milan "town guano" is manufactured which has extraordinary powers as a fertilizer.

CAMPOR A REMEDY FOR MICE.—Any one desirous of keeping seeds from the depredations of mice, can do so by mixing pieces of camphor gum in with the seeds. Camphor placed in drawers or trunks will prevent mice from doing them injury. The little animal objects to the odor, and keeps a good distance from it. He will seek food elsewhere.

AN ACRE.—An acre of land contains 4 rods, (or quarters) each containing 40 poles or perches or rods; 160 rods, 1 1/2 feet each way; 4,840 square yards of 9 feet each; 43,560 square feet, of 144 inches each; 174,240 squares of six inches each, each containing 36 inches; 6,272, 640 inches, or square of one inch each.

FOOD FOR SICK ANIMALS.—The *American Veterinary Journal* states that an excellent diet for sick animals is simply scalded shorts. When a horse has taken cold, with discharge from the nostrils, mash may be put into the manger while hot, with a view of steaming the nasal passages.

Selected Tale.

THE FIRE.

BY PAULINE FORSTHY.

Henry Clay Porter had grown up in the back woods of North Carolina. He was tall and slender, like the pines of his father's land, under whose shade his life had been spent. At the age of twenty-one he had never been twenty miles from home. He was quite content, however, with his lot; he thought that he lived in the finest State in the Union. Is there any one from Maine to California who does not share the same delusion?—and his father's place was in the very best section of the State—for it was near the Virginia line.

Thus happily situated he had grown from youth to manhood without a desire for change. But what he asked not for himself fortune was about to bestow upon him. A rich relative, and ardent admirer of the great statesman after whom the young North Carolinian was named, died and left all his fortune to the possessor of that honored cognomen.

With the income of two hundred thousand dollars at his disposal, Henry Clay Porter began to show symptoms of restlessness. There was stirring within him a newly enkindled desire to act for himself; but, never having as yet taken the reins in his own hand, he knew no other way in this emergency, than to apply to his father for his advice. For, as he would have told the reader, "he was raised in the pine woods" and, therefore, did not know how soon the youth of our cities and towns feel themselves capable of acting upon their own judgment.

The elder Mr. Porter counselled his son to get married, and settle himself down on his plantation, which was a very large one and would give him ample occupation.

"There is a first-rate overseer on the plantation," said Henry, "he can manage it as well as I could myself, and as to marrying, that would not be so bad if I knew anybody to marry; but the truth is, that I have known all the girls about here so long, that I am rather tired of them." This was said hesitatingly and deprecatingly, as though the speaker were aware that this remark was not exactly what his fair companions and associates would have thought complimentary. But it was the simple truth; there was not one of the young ladies of the neighborhood, whom Henry had not played, and talked, and laughed, and danced with, and seen at school, and at church, and at festive gatherings, since he wore frocks himself.

And in such cases unless the love commences in early childhood, and grows with the growth, one might as well expect to rekindle a fire by cold embers as to excite such a passion in a heart in which daily and familiar intercourse had long ceased to cause a throb of pleasure.

His son's last remark threw Mr. Porter into a brown study, broken at length by Henry, who said: "Father, what do you think of my going to Philadelphia to study medicine?" "Well, that may be of use to you on your plantation," replied he; "but I hardly think your mother would like to have you go so far away."

However, Mrs. Porter's consent was at length won, and before many weeks, Henry Clay Porter was standing on the steps of one of the most fashionable boarding houses in Chestnut street, gazing with round-eyed wonder on all the life and bustle; and continued movement that passed before him. How so many people found so much to do, was a mystery to him.

As he stood there he was himself, although he knew it not, an object of smiling scrutiny to the passers by. Fresh from a place where, whether his coat was of home-made lincey woolsey or of superfine broadcloth, whether it was made in this year's style or dated back to some unremembered time, he was still Henry Clay Porter, the son of the richest planter in the neighborhood. He was as ignorant as a child of the significance of dress—the social importance that is the gift of a fashionable tailor.

If his opinion on the subject had been asked, he would have said, in his oracular way, that "dress was of no account," and so dismissed the subject. Therefore he stood unconcerned, while his short waistcoat, every seam of which betrayed the country artist who fashioned it, his thick boots, his hat pitched on the back of his head, and his indescribable waistcoat, told their story to the practiced eyes of the citizens.

It is a singular coincidence that about the same time people began to remark that Mr. Porter was quite handsome, and that if he was decently dressed, he would be not only elegant but distinguished looking. Just at this juncture, too, Mrs. Denman began to take great interest in this stranger.

She was a fashionable widow, not very young, but very pretty, and even brilliant, with remarkable easy and ingratiating manners. She belonged to the class of women who are called fascinating, and few whom she chose to please could remain indifferent to her attractions. Certainly Mr. Porter was not one of those few; he had never seen any one half so interesting or bewitching. She had a delicate way of saying little flattering things, that kept him in a constant state of good humor and self-satisfaction; and the result was that before three months had passed, he became an open and devoted admirer of Mrs. Denman.

This intercourse was not without its advantages in a certain way. With a delicate tact, that achieved its object without in the least irritating the self-love of the young stranger, Mrs. Denman contrived to open his eyes to the necessity of an entire reform in his outer man. She cured him of his habit of saying "What, Miss, 'Yes, Miss,' 'No, Miss,' like a well trained servant, and, having done that, she introduced him into some of the best society in the city.

Meanwhile it is not to be supposed that such state of matters could be allowed to go on without provoking, throughout the house, much discussion, and a general disapproval; and at last an old bachelor, Mr. Fosgate, was so moved by his sense of the great misfortune a marriage with Mrs. Denman would prove to the unsuspecting Mr. Porter, that he could no longer resist his desire to remonstrate with him. He dwelt upon the unsuitability of their ages.

"That is not so great as you suppose," said Mr. Porter; "I am nearly twenty-two, and Mrs. Denman is but twenty-four."

"Add ten years to her age, and you hit it exactly; I have known her since she was an infant," was Mr. Fosgate's reply.

Mr. Porter looked politely incredulous. "And then her temper," continued Mr. Fosgate; "it is perfectly uncontrollable when it is roused, and it is not very difficult to rouse it. Mr. Denman, poor fellow, had a very hard life with her."

Here Mr. Porter interrupted Mr. Fosgate very impatiently and decidedly—

"Never was there a sweeter or gentler woman than Mrs. Denman. Her voice alone was a sufficient indication of her amiability, so soft and low was it; and Mr. Denman had been the most devoted and happiest of husbands."

"Well," said Mr. Fosgate, with some testiness; "I see there is no convincing a man against his will. Now, if you had only taken a fancy to Miss Gertrude Murray."

"Miss Murray—that little plain girl, she is the only lady in the house that I have never spoken of."

"She is worth more than all the others put together, and I do not see why you should call her plain. She is small, I know; but she has one of the loveliest faces I ever saw. Her large soft blue eyes would make an ordinary face beautiful, but she has a color as clear and glowing as a rose, perfect mouth and teeth, and thick waving hair of the very tints you see in all the old paintings of the Madonna. In fact, she often reminds me of some of the pictures I saw when I was in Italy; she has the same sweet placid expression."

"You cannot say that you think her intellectual," said Mr. Porter.

"I don't know what you call intellectual," rejoined Mr. Fosgate; "she has sense enough to make her one of the best daughters and sisters, and most agreeable companions in the world; and that is mind enough for a woman, I think." (Mr. Fosgate belonged to the old school.) "And she has discernment enough to perceive your merits; I think her appreciation of you is rather greater than you deserve." And the old bachelor looked slyly at Mr. Porter, to see if his remark had the effect he intended. A smile, repressed with difficulty, and a pleased edification of countenance, showed that the compliment was properly felt, and Mr. Fosgate left it to do its work. Flattered self-love is a powerful agent when once set in motion, as Mr. Fosgate knew; he liked Mr. Porter; few could help liking the frank and cordial young man who seemed incapable of an unkind thought or act; and Gertrude Murray was a great favorite of his; he would like to see her well married, as he had no hopes of convincing her that it would be wiser to follow his example, and he was sure that Mr. Porter would make one of the kindest husbands in the world.

Meanwhile Gertrude, ignorant of Mr. Fosgate's schemes, went quietly on her way; the only present result of the conversation being, that Mr. Porter, when accidentally thrown with her, seemed very much inclined to converse, and remarked

several times to others, that Miss Murray improved wonderfully on acquaintance.

But he was not permitted to advance very far in his intercourse with the young lady. Mrs. Denman allowed no rivals near her throne; and with dexterous authority, compelled the entire allegiance of her followers.

"I shouldn't wonder if that woman married him in three months more," groaned Mr. Fosgate to himself. "I wonder if his friends at home know what is going on."

But a propitious mishap interposed its aid, and the catastrophe was averted. Mr. Porter had a fixed dislike of coal fires, and would not consent to have his room warmed in that way; but the cold mid-winter came on, he found himself very uncomfortable in his large room, with its northern exposure, and heated only by an open wood fire. He shivered patiently for a little while; but, after hearing the virtues of air-tight stoves highly extolled, he resolved to try their powers.

He procured one of the largest size, and had it placed properly in his room. On ringing for a servant, the bell was answered by an Irishman, a fresh importation, who received the orders to make a fire with a look that showed that the task was a new one to him. Mr. Porter, himself a novice in the matter of stoves, undertook to instruct him; and between them both, the desired result was at last achieved. The stove was crowded with fuel to its utmost capacity, and a gentle heat soon began to diffuse itself throughout the room. Mr. Porter was congratulating himself on his prospects of being comfortable for the rest of the winter, when he was summoned to tea.

Obedient to the call, he took his usual seat by Mrs. Denman, who reminded him of an engagement he had made to attend with her a party at the house of one of her fashionable friends. He had not forgotten it, and in the low and whispering conversation that ensued between them, he betrayed so evidently his admiration of the animated and graceful woman by him, and she received his homage so graciously, that curious observers around began to look upon an engagement between them as a settled affair.

Soon the meal was ended, Mrs. Denman repaired to her own room to array herself for the evening, and after lingering awhile in the drawing room, Mr. Porter followed her example.

He was alarmed on opening the door of his room, to find that it was filled with smoke, while a light flame was curling around that part of the floor near the stove, and fire lay scattered about. Neither he nor the servant knew the necessity of having the stove partly filled with ashes. In consequence of this omission, the heat of the fire had caused the lower partition of the stove to fall apart from the rest, and the result was the disaster that met Mr. Porter's first glance.

He rushed towards the fire to see what he could do to arrest it; but it had advanced farther in the work of destruction than appearances seemed to denote. The floor gave way beneath his rapid step, and he was precipitated into the room beneath. This was the one occupied by Mrs. Denman, and was filled with pictures and statues, while her dressing table was filled with jewelry and trinkets of all kinds. She had great pleasure in accumulating articles of this description around her, and under the impression that they were equally prized by others, she lived in constant dread of others.

Not stopping to consider that such people seldom entered rooms in the way that had happened to Mr. Porter, Mrs. Denman turned at the noise he made, and seeing a man, with a face marked and blackened by the charred wood through which he had forced his way, struggling slowly and with difficulty to his feet, with a cry of—"Thieves! thieves!" she threw an open cologne bottle at him. Mr. Porter had just recovered his breath sufficient to allow him to speak, when his mouth and throat were suddenly filled with the fiery liquid.

Before he had time to recover from the strangling sensation this caused him, an inkstand thrown at his head, emptied its contents over his face and person, a bottle filled with some red liquid followed, and breaking against his temple, cut it slightly, and the sanguine colored stream, mingling with his blood, flowed over him, giving him a truly frightful aspect. These attacks had followed each other with the utmost rapidity, and it was not until Mrs. Denman, seizing the poker, advanced towards him, that Mr. Porter found breath to cry "Fire!"

At the same moment, Gertrude Murray, who occupied the room next to Mrs. Denman's, hearing that lady's cries, came to her assistance.

"That is Mr. Porter—his room is on fire. Look up there!"

"Oh, help me to save my things! help me! help me!" implored Mrs. Denman; but those to whom she appealed had left her, as suddenly as they entered—Mr. Por-

ter to alarm the rest of the house, and Gertrude to attend to her mother, who was an invalid and easily overcome by any sudden shock.

By the prompt and efficient measures that were taken, the fire was subdued before it had done much damage. The deluge of water the firemen poured upon it caused almost as much injury as the fire itself; the rooms beneath were perfectly drenched; but Mrs. Denman had managed to escape with a trifling loss. Nine large trunks, packed and standing in the outer hall, with four immense bundles tied up in sheets, bore witness to her energy and industry; while Gertrude could hardly find an uninjured article in her wardrobe, so thoroughly wet were they, and many of them had been thrown down, and trampled in the cinders and water on the floor.

"Now, I appreciate the wisdom of your choice," said Mr. Fosgate to Henry Porter, as they stood by Mrs. Denman's collection of valuables, after the hurry and excitement of the fire were over; "a woman that can take such good care of herself, will save a husband a great deal of anxiety. Now, Miss Murray flew off to her mother, who, I have no doubt, did not need her in the least, as Mr. Murray was at home; when, if she had only her wits about her, she could have saved—I can't tell how many trunks full."

"Miss Gertrude seemed perfectly self-possessed when I saw her," said Mr. Porter; "but I cannot say the same to Mrs. Denman."

"Do tell me what you have been doing to yourself?" asked the inquisitive Mr. Fosgate. "You look like a painted savage."

"I have been engaged in a desperate affair," was the reply; "but I thought I had washed off all the traces of it."

"I can count at least three colors on your face that I never saw there before, and a cut on your temple besides. What have you been doing?"

Mr. Porter related with a good deal of spirit and enjoyment, his involuntary appearance in Mrs. Denman's room, and its consequences.

"I shall never forget how Mrs. Denman looked," he continued, "as she sprang towards me with the uplifted poker, shrieking all the while. I confess I saw no way of escape but to run, and I was trying to collect my wits so far as to see where the door was, when it opened, and Miss Murray looked in. I assure you I thought her the most beautiful being I had ever seen. She perceived in a moment the cause of the disturbance, and I was able at last to escape from the fury of that woman, and give the alarm. I shall always consider Miss Murray as my preserver, for Mrs. Denman was prepared to go to any lengths to save her valuable property." And Mr. Porter laughed as he recalled the scene.

"What do you think," he resumed, "that pink liquid was that she wasted on my brown face. It was the brightest and prettiest color I have ever seen, and I had great difficulty in getting it off. I have been thinking that perhaps Mrs. Denman will not have as brilliant a complexion tomorrow as usual."

"The fright will probably make her a little pale," said Mr. Fosgate, gravely, but with a twinkle of his eye that showed his full appreciation of Mr. Porter's suspicion. "I am glad to see that your infatuation is at an end."

"It is over completely," said Mr. Porter. "There was too much force earnestness in Mrs. Denman's attack for me soon to forget it. I have been on the point of proposing to her several times, for, I confess that I admired her more than any woman that I have as yet known; but I have fortunately been prevented from taking a decided step by a little distrust, a feeling that she was not exactly the person to suit my parents or friends at home. I am afraid, however, a few more weeks would have settled the matter beyond recall, but for this most fortunate fire."

"If you consider Miss Murray as your preserver, it will be your manifest destiny to marry her, I presume. That is the way novel writers generally manage affairs, I believe," said Mr. Fosgate.

"It is," was the reply. "Do you know whether Miss Murray reads novels?"

"Suppose you ask her yourself?"

"Perhaps I will when I know her a little better."

But several months passed away, and it was not till the heat of summer was about to drive the citizens to seek some cooler place than Philadelphia in which to bear it, that Mr. Porter ventured to tell Gertrude Murray that it depended on her to say whether he should return to the city the following autumn or not. That her answer was encouraging, might be inferred from September's bringing him to his old place. He did not find his way back to the city again for several winters, as he went home the next summer with a physician's diploma and a bride.

The Odd Fellows of the United States number 3397 Lodges, with 195,614 members.

Historical.

MEMOIR OF RHODE ISLAND. 1679.

Newport. Caleb Carr, Thos. Carr, Edward Richmond, John Greene, Wm. Coddington, John Bliss.

Providence. Joseph Jencks, Arthur Fenner, Wm. Carpenter, Richard Arnold, Portsmouth. George Lawton, William Currey, Francis Brayton, Wm. Codman.

Warwick. Edmund Calverly, Benjamin Martin, Samuel Stafford, John Warner.

Westerly. None returned.

New Shoreham. John Williams.

Kingstown. None returned.

East Greenwich. John Heath, Thomas Nichols.

Jamestown. Eleazer Slocum, John Forns.

The Assembly was convened again by the Governor's warrant on the 9th day of July following. The agents that had been sent to England having returned with the King's farther authority to continue to Rhode Island jurisdiction over the Narragansett country.

"Voted, That his Majesty's letter to this Assembly, brought by Capt. Randal Holden and Capt. John Greene, be read in this assembly."

"Voted, That a letter from Mr. Robert Mason to this colony, be openly read."

"Voted, That in answer to his Majesty's letter, that a committee be appointed to draw up their results, first in way of answer, humble returns of thankfulness to his Majesty for his grace and favor to us. Secondly, that a true account may be rendered his Majesty concerning Mount Hope Neck. Third, that an account so far as we are able may be given his Majesty, concerning the late war with the Indians, and what else they see good, and make return to this Assembly for their approbation. The persons appointed are, Mr. Thomas Ward, Capt. Arthur Fenner, John Whipple, Capt. John Albro, Capt. Samuel Gorton, Mr. Joseph Jencks, Mr. John Williams and Capt. John Forns; and also that they draw up some lines to Sir Robert Southwell, Mr. William Braithwaite and Robert Mason.

"Voted, That a prohibition be drawn up and sent forth from this assembly unto the towns of Westerly and Kingstown, to prohibit all persons belonging to Connecticut or inhabiting in the Narragansett and Niantic country or King's province by virtue of any authority from any other colony, and to require all persons there inhabiting to yield and give obedience to his Majesty's authority in this colony."

The Prohibition.

"Whereas we have received a gracious letter from his Majesty, to this colony dated at his Court at White Hall the 12th of February 1678-9, wherein his Majesty is pleased to confirm the jurisdiction and government of the Narragansett and Niantic country unto his colony, according to the true settlement thereof by his honored commissioners, expressing in their acts of March 1664-5 and April 1665, and therein commanding all others to be obedient thereto."

"Therefore in obedience, and in pursuance of his Majesty's gracious favor to us, and for the information of the inhabitants in said Narragansett and Niantic—and for the preventing their running themselves into hazards and difficulties that hereafter may prove greatly to their damage, We, the Assembly of his Majesty's colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, in true and loyal obedience to his Majesty's long and yet continued favors and late commands: Heresby give notice, forewarn and prohibit, all persons of what degree soever, being and belonging unto the town of Westerly, adjoining to Pawcatuck alias Narragansett river, and any other place in the Niantic and Narragansett country, in the King's province, from yielding, rendering or owning any obedience unto the colony of Connecticut, or any government, except the government of his Royal Majesty established in this his colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations and King's province."

"And this is farther in his Majesty's name to require and command all the inhabitants of Westerly (Alan Miscomquont) aforesaid, to be observant and truly obedient as they ought to be, unto his Majesty's authority, according to his royal pleasure, to and in this colony derived, and placed; else they must expect to answer the contrary in such penalties as law in such cases hath provided.

By order of the General Assembly of his Majesty's colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations and King's Province.

JOHN SANFORD, Recorder.

"P. S. And further this is to signify and declare, that by the authority aforesaid, all persons of what degree soever, inhabiting or belonging to the jurisdiction of the colony of Connecticut, are hereby in his Majesty's name, forewarned, forbidden and commanded not to assert or exercise any authority, or government, in any part of

